



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# First Time Out

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

---

**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

---

Copyright © 2004, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# First Time Out

**By Lynn Brown**

Five years ago, I was dating a young lady named Bonnie. She was a school-teacher in her mid-twenties, standing 5 foot 7 inches, weighing about 130 pounds with a great figure, 38-25-36. She had been married for a brief period, but when she and her husband parted ways, she finished college and became a Junior High science teacher.

I had been working for several years after finishing college. I was twenty-six, five foot nine and 160 pounds; I had recently moved from Cleveland, Ohio, to Memphis, Tennessee, to become a sales engineer for the company headquartered in Cleveland.

The wife of one of my customers taught at Bonnie's school and arranged a double date, with Bonnie as my dinner date. We were both the same age and similar backgrounds. Needless to say, we hit it off and dated for several years.

At Valentine's Day we exchanged presents. In addition to her gift, there were two boxes from Cupid, one for Bonnie and one for myself. Bonnie opened her box to reveal a pair of white-laced panties. She was surprised when I opened my box which contained a matching set of panties in my size. Bonnie took it all in stride and asked if I would like to model the panties for her. I was embarrassed and declined as we were at her apartment and her roommate was in the other room. I explained that I was a crossdresser and enjoyed wearing women's clothing on occasion. She said that she would like to see me dressed, so we made a date for the first weekend in March for dinner at my apartment where I would be dressed in feminine apparel.

On Saturday, I finished shopping at the stores for our dinner and wine. After setting the table and fixing salads, it was time to take a shower. Letting the water run over my body for a good long soaking, I took the razor and shaved my legs. It

felt smooth and silky after all the hair was gone. Patting myself dry with the towel, I then applied lotion to the arms and legs before powdering the rest of my body.

Returning to the bedroom, I dressed in the panties, which Cupid had delivered at Bonnie's, as well as a long white "Merry Widow" corselet which hooked and zipped up the front. This is a foundation garment, which helped shape my male form into a feminine silhouette, made of stiff polished cotton with lace covering the cups of the brassiere section. The garment is boned vertically with stays which reduced my waist and the crisscrossed satin panels flattened my tummy. The corselet extended down over my hips to my upper thighs. There were two garters on each side dangling from the hem of the garment, which I attached to each sheer beige nylon stocking. Stepping into a long high-waisted girdle with satin panels in the front and rear, I secured the side zipper. This girdle reduced my waistline by a little over two inches. To the three garters hanging from each side of the girdle, I attached the hose. It seems strange that I can still recall the wonderful feeling of the stocking caressing my bare legs as they were snapped and held into place by the garters. This was followed by an additional pair of laced panties, a lace-trimmed slip and a pair of black patent leather three-inch heels (my only pair of shoes at that time).

Putting on my male bathrobe, I went to the kitchen starting the dinner and to await Bonnie's arrival. Hearing the doorbell ring, I opened the door letting Bonnie into the apartment.

She saw that I had on heels and asked, "Are you fully dressed?"

"No," I replied, "I only need to put on my dress and wig to be ready. I will be back in a few minutes, turn on the television if you care to." I excused myself and went to the bedroom where there was a two-piece pink suit and a white silk dickey hanging on the closet door. Donning the suit, I reached under the skirt, pulling the slip into place, then returned to the living room where Bonnie had the stereo playing soft romantic music.

"Let me apply makeup to your face so that we can complete your transformation," Bonnie suggested. We sat at the sofa where she applied eye shadow, liner, mascara, blush and lipstick. She then brushed the wig until she was satisfied that the auburn shoulder-length hair properly framed my face. Reviewing the results, she sprayed perfume on my neck, wrist and behind my ears.

"Check yourself in the mirror. How do you like your face?" she asked. "It would be nicer if you had a pair of earrings."

Returning from the bathroom, I replied, "Thank you, it really looks great! I appreciate your assistance. Let's celebrate with a glass of wine."

While Bonnie sipped her wine, I took mine into the kitchen and continued cooking dinner. When the food was put on the table, Bonnie held out my chair as though I was a lady. After eating, when the dishes were cleaned, we relaxed on the sofa for over an hour, talking and kissing.

Bonnie took me by the hand, leading me into the bedroom. She took off her blouse, slacks, loafers and white socks, leaving her standing at the bed dressed in

only panties and bra. She watched as I took off the two-piece suit and heels, revealing the full-length laced slip.

“That is really a beautiful slip you are wearing,” observed Bonnie.

“Thank you,” I quipped, “you’re welcome to borrow it any time.”

Climbing into bed, we started caressing each other, when Bonnie suddenly exclaimed, “You’re wearing a girdle. Take it off!”

As I complied with her wishes, she watched as I released the garter straps holding the nylons and then pulled down the long side zipper, allowing room for my hands to pull down the girdle. She laughed as I wiggled, trying to get out of the girdle until I could slide it down my nylon-covered legs.

“It’s amusing to watch someone else having to go through the same manipulations removing a girdle as I do,” she exclaimed. “Now come to bed.”

We proceeded to make love. It was a thrill having my smooth nylon legs wrapped around Bonnie's, feeling the interaction of her legs rubbing against my nylons. Only as she pulled down my panties, did I receive a bigger thrill. Having finished, we were resting when the doorbell rang. Bonnie put on my robe and answered the door. It was the neighbors living in the apartment directly below. The two young girls evidently had heard a commotion and were curious about the noise. They inquired if there was a pair of pliers that they could borrow. Bonnie politely said “no,” sending them on their way.

She came into the bedroom, finding me beneath the sheets and laughed, saying, “I started to ask the girls to come in so that they might ask you in person but thought that they would not appreciate the way you look!” We both had a good laugh.

We dated for several months after that and occasionally Bonnie would inquire if I had dressed lately in women's clothing. I told her that I had on several occasions in the evenings during my travels but never had the nerve to leave the motel room.

She asked, “Have you ever been dressed out in public?”

“Only during Halloween did I dress and venture out to a bar, but to be able to dress and go out for an entire evening is a dream I have,” I replied.

Talking at length, Bonnie proposed that we should plan to have some fun by my dressing for an evening out. She mentioned that she would be glad to assist in the fulfillment of my dream. It was decided that we should plan to go out of town where no one would recognize us. We had also discussed purchasing a recliner chair for Bonnie.

There was a discount store carrying Lane recliners, factory seconds, selling at a terrific discounted price in Okolona, Mississippi, where I had purchased one earlier in the year for myself. We also decided to play golf that Sunday morning at a local club in the nearby town of Houston. I made motel reservations for Saturday at the Holiday Motel, in Houston, where I would stay during my monthly sales calls in the area.

During the two weeks before our scheduled weekend, I went to several stores to purchase a nightgown, several pairs of panties, a lace-trimmed white brassiere, and some jewelry for this outing.

Friday evening, I had two suitcases packed, one with feminine clothes, the other with my regular male attire. I also packed a bottle of Scotch for additional entertainment, as Mississippi was a “bring your own bottle” state at that time.

Saturday at noon, we were ready and on our way to Okolona after stopping for a sandwich at a local Memphis eatery. Arriving at the furniture store a little before three o'clock, we found the perfect chair for Bonnie. I paid for the chair and made arrangements to have them deliver it the next week to her apartment. We then drove about twenty miles to Houston and checked into the motel.

Unpacking and hanging up our clothes, I got some ice so that we could enjoy a drink as we watched the news on TV until Bonnie said, “It’s time to change for the evening. While I take a shower, you lay out the clothes that you plan to wear tonight on the bed.”

Shortly after, Bonnie emerged from the bathroom and I took my shower while she dressed for the evening. Entering the room after drying, Bonnie looked at me and said, “Go back and shave your legs and also under your arms. We want you to be a proper lady tonight.”

When I had completed the shaving, Bonnie came into the bathroom and applied lotion over my entire body. Returning to the bedroom, she handed me a pair of my panties, which I put on. She held out the lace-trimmed bra as I inserted my arms through the shoulder straps, before she hooked the bra in back. Picking up the lifelike breast forms, I placed them into the bra cups. Next came the long high-waisted girdle. Blushing, I struggled, pulling the girdle into place before closing the zipper. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I guided the long dark black nylons over my smoothly-shaven legs, bringing the tops of the hose to the highest point upon my legs. Standing, I fastened the nylons to the garter straps attached to the girdle. Then came the slip; I lifted it over my head, then slid the slip down the body, over the filled bra, until it rested in place below my hips. I stepped into the black three-inch heels which slid gracefully over my nylon-covered feet.

Sitting at the dressing table, Bonnie mentioned that tonight I would receive the full treatment. She brought her cosmetics over to the vanity and started by applying moisturizer over my face.

Wiping off the excess, she applied a foundation base followed by setting powder. Next came a brow pencil liner, blue eye liner, and blue eye shadow, both light blue for the top of the eye lids and darker blue for the lower portion of the lids.

As she finished with the eye shadow, there was a knock on our door. “Oh, I forgot to tell you. I decided to order room service for dinner. I hope that you don’t mind.”

“No, charge it to the room. Since I do not wish to be seen like this, I will go into the bathroom while he sets up the dinner,” I exclaimed, scurrying for safety behind the bathroom door.

When the waiter left, Bonnie finished putting blush on my cheeks, although I was naturally reddish in the face. She took an eye curler, compressing the lashes to give a curved effect before applying mascara. When the mascara had dried, she combed the eyelashes to eliminate any lumping. We then had dinner as well as a glass of Scotch and water with our meal.

As we finished the meal, Bonnie said, "Let's complete getting you dressed so we can go to the movies."

She then applied a creamy red lipstick after outlining the lips with a pencil, following with a glossy sealer coat. Stepping into a petticoat, I donned a multi-shade, belted, vertically striped, blue silk shirtwaist dress. Bonnie placed the long auburn wig on my head and brushed it until she was satisfied that all the curls were in place before applying hair spray. She took my light blue cardigan sweater, placing it over my shoulders and buttoned only the top button. Bringing out a vial of perfume, she sprayed it liberally. Adding a pair of earrings (clip-on), a bracelet and necklace, she completed my outfit.

"Before we leave, look into the mirror. I want you to see a very attractive woman who is now ready to venture outside and fulfill her dreams. Don't you agree?" she asked.

I was amazed by the vision in the mirror as I could not believe that the reflection was really me. "What an incredible transformation!" I exclaimed, "You certainly worked wonders. Thank you so very much. I cannot believe that this is me standing here."

We both pick up our purses, mine containing money, lipstick, comb, tissues, license and room key. Bonnie took the car keys and drove to the theater. As we parked the car, I suddenly became very nervous and hesitated leaving the safety of the car before going out in public dressed as I was. Bonnie came over to my door. "What is the matter, is there a problem?" she asked.

"I am scared, what if someone would recognize that I was not a girl? What would we do and what would happen? Please, can we just return to the motel?" I pleaded.

"Nonsense, you look pretty and quite feminine. Just talk in a whisper and relax. No one will know anything. You are what you seem, an attractive girl attending the movies with a girlfriend," Bonnie reasoned, calming my nerves.

She had convinced me that everything would be all right. Leaving the safety of the car, we walked to the ticket booth (Bonnie reminding me to take smaller steps). She purchased our tickets as I stood to the side. Entering the theater, we found some seats and settled down before the movie started. Bonnie was correct as no one paid any attention to us.

As we were leaving the movie, Bonnie asked if I needed to stop at the powder room. Hesitating, I replied, "I need to go but I'm afraid to enter the ladies' room."

"It's better that you go to the powder room rather than the men's room dressed as you are," she teased. "Just make sure that you sit down rather than stand."

We entered the powder room, walking past the vanity section into the stalls. Fortunately, I did not have to wait. Entering and locking the stall, I raised my dress, unfastening the garters from the stockings before unzipping and pulling the girdle down. Lowering my panties, I completed my business; reversing the procedure on finishing.

“No wonder it takes a woman longer in the rest room,” I thought. Leaving the stall, I washed my hands. Bonnie suggested we sit at the vanity and freshen our lipstick before going to the car.

“Well, now that you have been on the other side. How does it feel?” she kidded. “Shall we stop for some dessert and coffee?” she asked as we headed towards the car in the parking lot.

Stopping at a restaurant, we had dessert without any incident. As we were leaving, two young men approached us, trying to feed us a line, thinking that they might get lucky by picking us up. I was frightened that they might discover that I was not a female, but Bonnie handled the situation and nicely sent them on their way. I had to laugh as now the shoe was on the other foot.”

As we were returning to the motel, Bonnie asked, “How was your first night out on the town as a woman? Did you enjoy yourself and wasn't it fun being accepted as who you appear to be, a pretty young lady?”

“Yes, thanks to you I have really enjoyed myself. I appreciate what you have done not only for me but also *to* me. I feel so pretty and also so feminine,” I replied, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

As we changed for bed, I removed my feminine apparel as well as all the makeup. While Bonnie changed into a pink short nightie, I slipped into a simple knee-length aqua gown, well-trimmed in lace. Bonnie entered the room, noticing how I was dressed and said, “I am glad that you are wearing a nightgown as it is a finishing touch to end a wonderful evening. Here, let me add a little perfume,” as she sprayed my neck, bodice and wrist. We enjoyed a very romantic evening with both of us attired in nylon nightgowns.

We awoke about eight in the morning only to find ourselves wrapped in each others arms engulfed in nylon and lace. We made love again before showering and having breakfast. Afterward, we prepared for our golf outing.

Wearing shorts to play golf, I experienced a strange sensation with my bare hairless legs exposed to the cool breeze. No one seemed to notice that my legs had recently been shaven. We enjoyed our round of golf even though I had lost the golfing bet to Bonnie, which was a favor to be honored by the loser at the winner's request.

We returned to the motel to shower before returning home. I had previously made arrangements for a late check-out time. Stopping at the front desk to pay our bill for the room, I mentioned to the desk clerk that we needed to shower before leaving. This was agreeable with her. Arriving at the room, Bonnie suggested that I should shower first and afterwards I could pack my suitcases.



After showering and shaving my face, I came out of the bathroom to find that Bonnie had laid out a complete set of my feminine underwear on the bed. "This is the favor from winning our bet which I now wish to claim. I would like you to dress in the outfit you wore last night for the rest of the day," she requested. "You were convincing as a girl last night and I think you will be surprised that you can pass just as well in the daytime. You need additional confidence during the daylight, plus I think it would be a fun thing to do and this is our FUN weekend!"

She entered the shower as I donned the panties, bra, falsies, girdle, nylon stockings, petticoat, shirtwaist dress and high heel shoes. Taking the wig off the stand, I brushed it so that the curls would be set in place. Bonnie had completed her shower and was putting on a blouse and slacks over her bra and panties.

Having me sit at the vanity, she then applied foundation, setting powder, frosted pink eye shadow, mascara, blush and a medium shade of pink lipstick, completing my transformation. While she applied light makeup to herself, I completed the dressing by adding the bracelet, necklace and earrings. Bonnie suggested that the blue sweater be worn. She tied a silk scarf over my long auburn wig and under my chin, securing the wig from the wind while we drove back to Memphis.

The drive was very relaxing as I sat in the passenger seat while Bonnie was at the wheel. We had a pleasant drive talking and listening to music. Bonnie suggested that we stop for an early dinner, as we had not eaten since breakfast. She pulled into a quaint restaurant. After being assured that every thing would be all right, she suggested that I take off the scarf and fluff my hair before leaving the car. We were seated by the hostess at a small booth in the middle dining section. While there were several full tables around our area, no one seemed to pay any attention to us.

The young waitress asked if we had made our choices. Bonnie replied, "My girl friend will have the house salad with ranch dressing and the baked fish with steamed vegetables. She is watching her waistline. I will have the pork chops with a baked potato and carrots. We will both have iced tea." There was no sign of any recognition by the waitress as she left, turning in our order to the kitchen. The meal was very enjoyable as we talked over dinner.

When the check was presented to us, the waitress said, "It was a pleasure serving you ladies. Please come back soon." Her comment sent a warm thrill through my body. I left her a larger tip than my male counterpart would.

Returning to the car, Bonnie said, "See, there was NO problem. Everyone accepted you for what you appear to be, a pretty young lady. I am proud of the way you conducted yourself while in feminine attire. Did you enjoy your first complete weekend in your feminine finery?"

"It has been an exciting weekend, more than I ever dreamed of, or imagined," I responded. "I enjoyed the pretty clothing, makeup, but most of all your company and your acceptance of me during these past two days."

Shortly thereafter, we arrived at Bonnie's apartment. As I was retrieving her suitcase and golf clubs from the trunk of the car, her roommate, Jo Ann, saw

Bonnie in the parking lot and came over to car, asking, "What happened to Charlie? I thought that you had planned to be with him this weekend."

Bonnie laughed. "Can't you recognize him standing here?"

"So, *this* is why you said that you had a very unusual weekend planned. He is absolutely gorgeous. Both of you come inside. I want to look closer at this lovely creature under a better light."

The three of us went into the apartment. Once inside, Jo Ann examined me very carefully as I walked and turned at various angles per her bidding for several minutes before saying, "His lipstick needs to be touched up a bit but otherwise he looks absolutely wonderful, every inch a woman. I love his outfit and I admire how well he manages to walk in such high heels. The three of us must go out together some evening to dinner or hear a concert or see a movie as three girl friends."

Bonnie replied, "It would be fun but the decision is up to Charlie. What do you say, Charlie?"

"If neither of you have any objections, then I am game anytime. It would be a pleasure to party with both of you."

As I was leaving, Bonnie gave me a long kiss before saying, "Let's touch up your lips before you leave, my girlfriend must look her best." She applied additional lipstick then walked me to the car. "Be careful going home. Maybe you better take off your heels before driving."

Doing as she had suggested, I drove in my stocking feet. After arriving home, putting the high heel shoes back on my swelling feet was very difficult but I did manage, so that I could bring the luggage from the car to the apartment.

Since it was still early, I decided to have a drink before disrobing and watch some television. Instead of using my recliner, I sat on the edge of the sofa, as Bonnie had taught me, admiring the hem of my dress with the petticoat showing as well as the long shapely smooth hairless legs encased in nylons and heels. I decided to wear the nightgown to bed as well as the makeup that had been on my face since the afternoon.

That night I experienced marvelous dreams, of the three of us enjoying dinner and attending a jazz concert while I was completely feminine in appearance, wearing dresses and cosmetics. At the same time, I was aware that these dreams would come true in the very near future.

Monday morning found me packing for the week's sales calls as well as a second suitcase for my girl self. During the evenings, I would change into my small feminine wardrobe and stay in the motel room as I was still afraid to venture out on my own.

One late afternoon, I had finished early with my sales calls and was in Columbus, Mississippi for the evening. Columbus, a small town, is the home of a women's college and therefore has several nice boutiques that catered to the college crowd. After checking in at the motel, I decided to shop at one of the stores where I had seen a beautiful pink girdle displayed in the window.

Putting on a pair of white nylon panties over a white panty brief and a soft white bra trimmed heavily in lace and a pair of beige panty hose, I completed dressing with my shirt, pants, shoes and socks. At four o'clock, I was parked and walking into the store.

A middle-aged woman met me as I entered and asked if there was anything that she could do for me. The day before I had composed a letter to help me purchase feminine clothing without too much embarrassment. The letter, dated the previous day, was as follows:

Dear Salesperson:

My husband, Charlie, is at your store to purchase items for HIS new wardrobe rather than use mine. I have caught him cheating on me and as punishment, he is to wear women's clothing during his entire time at home. While he is traveling, he will wear lingerie under his business suits for the next year. He has agreed to this rather than my obtaining a divorce.

This letter is written to cover all purchases I have asked him to make. Please see that whatever items he is buying properly fit him. In addition, please help him select the most feminine and frilliest clothing. I wish to humiliate him as much as possible during his shopping trips as he has humiliated me by his insensitive behavior.

Please note that for modesty purposes, my husband will be wearing a panty brief under his panties at all times.

If he fails to cooperate with you, please make a note on this letter with your store name, telephone number and your name. I will punish him.

I thank you for your cooperation in advance.

Sincerely,

Betty Brown

Once she read this letter, the clerk said, "I do not like your wife's letter nor the way she is treating you, but I will be happy to assist you if this is what you want."

"Yes," I replied, "I need to purchase a girdle, with matching panties and bra in a pastel color. I noticed that you have a pink girdle in the window."

"Come with me and I will show you what we have." Taking me to the counter, she opened three drawers, taking out several different girdles. "This girdle is a small panty type which is popular with many of the girls. It has tummy control but allows for maximum freedom at the waist. This next garment contains a satin panel, reinforced boning for tummy control and a high waist nipper combined to enhance the look of a smaller waistline. This is the same girdle that is in the window. We also have a long-legged panty girdle that many girls like."

She held each type in front of me as she told about the features of each. When she showed me the three types, she suggested, "From your wife's letter, I believe

that the girdle in the window would be the type that she would want you to have. Let me measure you.” Taking out the tape, she measured my chest, waist and hips. Picking out two girdles in pink, she escorted me to a dressing room and handed me one of the girdles. “Put this girdle on, then call me when you are ready, and I will check the fit. My name is Helen.”

I was embarrassed taking the girdle from Helen, but I thought that the letter was a clever idea and it certainly helped in obtaining a proper fit. Stripping down to my underwear, I pulled the girdle into place and managed to easily hook the side and close the zipper. Going to the curtain, I called for Helen.

Helen checked the fit from all angles. “As I thought, this is probably too large. Try on this one. This has a built-in fanny booster which helps some girls needing to obtain a better hipline,” she said, handing me the other girdle.

Not only did it have a false posterior but the girdle was smaller.

I managed to close the hooks but I needed to suck in my stomach before closing the side zipper. Catching my breath, I called for Helen.

Coming into the dressing room, Helen checked out the fit. I told her that it was rather tight at the waist. “I believe the girdle is a proper fit. After a while you will become accustomed to the tightness, as the girdle is doing exactly what it is designed to do, giving you a smaller waist and removing the bulge from your tummy. Keep this on and I will select a matching panty and bra set in your size. In the meantime, remove your bra.”

Several minutes passed before Helen returned with the fanciest pink matching bra and panty set I had ever seen. Both the bra and panties were soft pink nylon bedecked with pink lace and pink satin ribbons intertwined running through the garments. Helen handed me a size 6 panty which I stepped into, pulling it up over my girdle until the band rested at my waist. She held out the size 38 B bra so I might slip my arms through the straps. She went around to my back and fastened the hooks. Coming to the front, she checked the fit. “Something is wrong. Just a minute while I get something to correct the bra,” she said.

In a minute she was back in the dressing room, carrying a pair of rubber falsies. Stuffing one in each cup, she proceeded to adjust the bra straps. “Yes, that looks a lot better. I believe that you have a perfect fit. Do you have falsies?”

“Yes, I replied, “but they’re at home. She did not pack them in my suitcase for this trip.”

“I took the liberty of bringing you several nightgowns to try on. This pink satin nightie with a full skirt is very feminine. Look at the detail in the bodice. The lace and ribbons certainly add to the allure of the gown.” Before I could say a word, she slipped the gown over my head and slid it down over the pretty pink bra. The skirt was flaring from the bottom. It was beautiful. I was embarrassed to say so, but I nodded in agreement.

Taking my arm and leading me towards the mirror in the main dressing room, she had me standing before a three-way mirror. “I’m sure your wife would approve of the selection. When you wear it, leave on your bra and falsies. The gown cer-

tainly is becoming on you. Now, let me help you remove the nightie and have you try on this lovely blue waltz-length nightie. The blue sheer overlay adds so much to the beautiful baby blue nylon.”

Once again, I was looking in the mirror, admiring the gown. “Yes, I think that maybe buying these gowns will soften my wife’s anger as she may realize that I am really sorry for hurting her. By trying to anticipate her wish for a future purchase, maybe I can manage to please her.”

“Would you like me to wrap your other delicate undies so you can wear your new girdle home?”

“No, I will change back into what I was wearing. I will not be home until tomorrow, so please put these items in a box. My wife is expecting me to bring this to her.”

I went back into the changing room to remove the beautiful blue nightgown. I was looking forward to sleeping in it. After removing the gown, I took off the panties and bra. Struggling for a while, I was finally able to take off the girdle. Taking the white bra off the hook on the door, I snapped the bra shut before entering my arms through the straps. Once my shirt, pants and shoes were on, I opened the door to hand Helen my purchases and return her falsies.

Helen proceeded to the register with me following behind. Totaling the sales, she asked, “Is this cash or charge?” I gave her my credit card, which she processed before wrapping my purchase. She put the two nighties in a large box, then took a smaller box for the undies. Before closing the second box, she excused herself for a minute and left the register.

I saw that Helen had several small packages in her hand. She stated, “I do not know if your wife has had you purchase any stockings but you will need them when you wear your girdle rather than the pantyhose you are now wearing. I wish to make them a gift to you, thanking you for your business. Also, I thought that you might enjoy wearing this lovely pair of white satin panties.” She held the panties so I could see them. They glistened as the light reflected from the satin finish. The waistband was decorated with small white satin flowers and lace with matching lace on the legs of the panties.

I was stunned as Helen wrapped the additional gifts in the second box. “Thank you so much for the stockings and panties. That is very kind and generous of you, but it is not necessary. You have been very helpful and I appreciate your assisting me in selecting the items I needed to buy. You are most kind.”

“It has been my pleasure to assist you. I certainly can empathize with your wife since my husband cheated on me. Her making you atone for your actions in this manner is very appropriate. I am glad that you are trying to resolve your problem even though the manner is quite bizarre. I trust it will be very effective. Wearing women’s lingerie every day will be a constant reminder of your infidelity. Any time you require additional feminine articles, please see me as I will be glad to assist. Good luck,” she said.

A little after five, I left the shop carrying two pink and white bags with the shop name and logo containing my new clothing. I was looking forward to bedtime wearing one of my new nighties.

Waking up late Friday morning, I had enjoyed wearing the wonderful blue silky nightgown. I stayed in bed as long as possible until I needed to take my morning shower and make the one sales call scheduled for nine o'clock. Afterwards, I returned to the motel, changing to my new pink bra and panties under my sport coat and pants as well as the pantyhose. I was not wearing my male socks. During my return drive to Memphis, I stopped at an outlet mall and decided that I would use the letter again and try to purchase a pair of women's slacks and a blouse or sweater.

Browsing the mall, I found a small store which had dresses and slacks displayed in the window. I decided to enter. A young clerk about twenty asked if she could help me. I responded, "Yes, I need to purchase a pair of slacks and a sweater or blouse. I would certainly appreciate your assistance."

"What size do you need?" she asked.

"I don't know the size. Please read this letter from my wife. I hope that you can help me in the selection." Handing her the letter, I waited while she read.

The pretty young girl giggled as she read the letter. Returning the letter to me, she said, "Now I understand why you do not know the size. It will be my pleasure to help you. Is there any particular color slacks you need?"

Since I wanted to be able to dress in public in full women's attire and shop without arousing curious looks at my outfit, I replied, "My wife wants me to have a pair of slacks and a shirt that are feminine but can be worn shopping without arousing too much attention when I wear them. I was told that they would not be worn while I am in the house, but only when I have to run errands."

Taking the tape measure to my waist, she said, "You will need a size 12 or 14. Let's see what we can find. Perhaps a pair of gray slacks will do." As we looked through the selection, she pulled several pairs of slacks from the rack but returned them until she came upon a medium gray pair. I wondered why she went through so many pairs until she said, "Come back to the dressing room and try these on. The label goes on the left side."

Following her to the room, I took the two pairs of slacks, one in each size, and closed the curtain. Taking off my shoes and pants, I took the first pair. Something was wrong. I put on the pants but there was no fly in the front. I questioned the clerk waiting outside the curtain, "There must be a mistake with the label as there is no front fly."

"According to her letter, your wife wants you to have as feminine an outfit as possible. Therefore, I have selected a pair of slacks with a zipper in the back. Please put on the pants and come out so I can see the fit." Zippering the size 14, I stepped out into the hallway. "Please come over to the three-way mirror. Yes, these fit you perfectly. The length is good for flats or low heels but you may wish to lower the hems if you are wearing high heels."